

bring me home again by themundaneweirdo

Series: hold my breath (and let it bury me) [5]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

Billy reflects on the last few months of his life.

bring me home again

Author's Note:

Okay, this started out strong but it's not as descriptive as I would've liked it. Be gentle with me.

I suck as writing as of late.

The shower's water is hot, pelting Billy's skin and scorching him like he wants it, like he needs it. It's just past 9 on a warm, June Saturday, the summer weather coming in full force to strike the small town of Hawkins. It doesn't bother him, it kind of reminds him of California, back when things were simple, sometimes too simple for his mind to grasp and be thankful for. It's been a while since his life has been normal, almost a year, and things are so different now, it amazes him how quickly things go from up to down, and vice versa.

Billy has been a high school graduate for almost a month now, a boyfriend for seven, and a father for three.

He doesn't know if boyfriend is the correct term, more like secret lovers at best, especially given their situation. Even if Max were older, he still wouldn't call them a couple, because while her she wouldn't be a problem, they're still step siblings, and even that's too taboo for Hawkins. Not that she minds, she's more than happy to even have the private relationship with him, but at times she does push the limits, like trying to hold his hand under the dinner table, or referring to him as daddy when she speaks to Jaclyn in baby babble.

Billy gets it; Max loves him, he loves her, and they have a child together, but no one outside of their little bubble knows that's.

Well, except for Neil.

That hammer is what Billy is just waiting to fall. Everyday, when Billy wakes up to Max crawling from his bed to hurry to her own, he worries that today will be the day that it's all taken from him. Max, with her gorgeous eyes, supple skin, and breathtaking kisses, will be taken, and Jaclyn, with her little body, soft hair, and precious smile,

he'll never see again. It causes him pain to think that his little lady and daughter could just be ripped from him one day, without warning, without any signs of its coming. It scares him so bad sometimes that his vision and mind blurs, and when it clears, Max is teary eyed and holding him close, wrapping herself around him in their shared bed.

Billy has never had panic attacks up until now, always on edge of his happiness being lost, of his father ruining everything he cares about, everyone one he loves.

One day, Billy thinks he'll wake up to an empty house. The nursery will be empty, save for the furniture, and all of Max's drawers will be without her clothes, and the redheads will be nowhere to be found, Jaclyn along with them. He knows Susan would take the fourteen year old and the baby if she found out, if Neil ever told her, she'd run with her daughter and granddaughter, and leave the blonde in a broken puddle of tears and alcohol because that's the only thing to ever help him heal.

But, Max, his saving grace, won't let him be like that. She doesn't want him to be like that anymore, he's suffered a year with his guilt, worry, and fear, with every few moments of happiness. The redhead basically had to force him to let her kiss him, or even touch him at night when he was so tense he could barely breathe, and he'd be brought to her body with a small fight because he didn't want to touch her after what he'd done. Billy was so bad off, he seriously had her wondering if he'd suffered a mental break somewhere between her first and second trimester.

Now, even with Neil breathing down his neck, he lets her kiss him, sometimes chases her down for one, lets her touch him at night, her small hands wondering and curious despite already knowing everything about his body. Billy lets Max sleep in his bed, no questions, no cares because she's been doing it for a year, and if Susan hasn't caught on by now that her daughter is sleeping with her step-son, in every way of the phrase, then she never will. Unless Neil fucks them all over and tells her.

But, would Susan believe him?

Sure, Billy and Max get along perfectly now days, and the younger redhead had a baby that looks suspiciously like the blonde, but Susan still thinks the two fight like siblings behind her back, and thinks they only play nice for their parents sake. Billy really appreciates how air-headed the older redhead can be, because if she was like Neil, smart, sharp, and capable of doing harm to others, the blonde has no doubts in his mind that he would in a prison cell for rape.

While he doesn't like idea of Susan finding out, or even suspecting, Billy can't find the courage to drive Max from his bed, even if it's for their safety. He feels that if he pushes her away, she'll think he doesn't want her, which is the complete opposite. He wants everything, anything, whether it be simply sleeping, kissing, or even fooling around when Max gets too handsy. Billy knows he should feel bad about sexually attracted to her, she's fourteen and she literally just had their daughter a few months ago, but since he's welcomed the title of being a father, even if it's a secret, he's also welcomed the title of being a lover.

Since the first time they've had sex, a time Billy tries not to dwell on, they've only done it once more.

It was his graduation night, and while he was encouraged by his friends to go out and drink, maybe even hook up with some girls from the town over, he didn't find any of that even remotely interesting, and went out to eat with his family. Well, his family, minus Neil. The older Hargrove made up a sorry ass excuse of his boss needing him to work over time, but Billy didn't care, he was happier without his father being there.

He and Max decided on a little buffet in the Starcourt mall while Susan agreed, somewhere Steve had mentioned he took Robin on their first date, and what better time to give it a go? They ate a few plates each, and Billy watched in fascination as Susan showed Max how to let Jaclyn have a little sip of water using a straw. She dipped the straw in the water and pressed her finger over the top so the liquid couldn't go anywhere, and then let it go into Jaclyn's mouth, the family chuckling quietly when the baby jumped at the sudden coldness in her mouth.

Sadly, she didn't like the water, and she began to cry, so Billy took

her while Susan left the table to look at the dessert bar.

“You’re so good with her,” Max said, watching as Jaclyn’s cries silenced almost immediately as Billy laid her over his shoulder, whispering nonsense to her because he knew the baby liked to hear his voice.

“She’s knows her daddy’s voice, is all.”

The redhead smiles, chin in her hand, elbow on the table, and Billy smiled back, gently patting the baby’s butt as she began to babble and gurgle into his ear, hands clutching the hair he had yet to cut. He didn’t mind, the baby’s fat hands gripping the curls but not tugging, it kept him grounded. They left the restaurant not too long after Susan brought them dessert, thanking her before Billy let Jaclyn eat a little chocolate pudding off his finger. He’d never seen his little girls eyes go so wide.

By the time they got home, Susan was basically dead weight on her feet, so tired that she didn’t even care that Neil wasn’t home. She took two sleeping pills before retiring to bed, leaving the two teenagers to put Jaclyn down. Not that they minded, and with the older Hargrove not being home, they didn’t have to tiptoe around each other. It felt oddly domestic to just be like that, out in the open, in front of their three month old.

Max told him to go shower, and she’d put Jaclyn down while he was washing. He didn’t argue, also tired, but not too the point where he wasn’t aware of the fire behind her eyes. It burned bright like her hair, ravishing and hot. He didn’t know what she was up to, but he went to the bathroom with a clean pair of boxers and a towel without dispute.

While he waited for the water to heat up, he sat on the toilet lid, still in his clothes, thinking about what was to come next in his life since he was out of school. Billy thought college sounded good, but who had that kind of money just sitting around? Steve Harrington did, he thought with a chuckle. Rich boy paid for his girlfriend, well fiancée, to go to an out of state school, somewhere she really had her heart set on, and Steve had his heart set on making Robin happy.

Billy would've liked to go to school to be able to make something of himself for his family, for Jaclyn. He'd like to have a house one day, one big enough for him, Max, and their babygirl, where Jaclyn could grow up running around in the hallways, screaming in delight. One where Max could have her own little room where she could do whatever she wanted with it, turn into whatever she desired, even if it turned into a skateboard shrine. Billy would let her do that to make her happy. Hell, he'd have a skateboard themed wedding if that's what Max wanted.

Would Max want to marry him? Sure, she might be head over heels for him at that moment because she was young and she had a baby with him, but she could decide she deserves better when she gets older, better than her step brother that got her pregnant at thirteen and tied her down before she got to fully experience dating. Max could take Jaclyn, too, and Billy didn't know if his heart could take that. He couldn't handle watching both his girls walk out of his life.

The bathroom was steamy, so he stripped and got in the shower, forcing himself to let go of his previous thoughts for the time being. Billy just wanted to shower and go to bed, wrapped around Max and she would be wrapped around him. Yeah, that sounded really good, in his opinion.

The shower must've been loud, because next thing he knew, the shower curtain was ripped back, making him almost slip down on the hard shower floor. Max had apparently came in before stripping herself naked, and was getting in the shower with him. Not that Billy minded, it wasn't like they were going to get to do that again any time soon, so he allowed her to scoot next to him, skin to skin with each other. He let her wrap her skinny arms around his neck, stood on her tippy toes to do so, and pulled him down just enough to kiss him, sweet and gentle, completely opposite of her eyes. They still burned, but her lips told a different story.

Billy's arms went to her waist, hands sliding over her sides and just feeling the softness of her skin, the baby weight she still carried. It made her figure, although still developing, look more mature, like she was a woman, and not a fourteen year old. In some ways, Billy saw her as a woman, having their baby, and now sensually and sexual advancing at him. It made his head spin.

He pulled away to see the steamy water had made Max's skin red, flushed beautifully against the white walls of the shower. Her lips were parted, like she was waiting to him to return back to her mouth, but when one of his hands drifted until it brushed against her mound, and he felt the unmistakable wetness of excitement, not the shower, he knew he wasn't going to return to her mouth any time soon. Billy looked into her eyes, asking a silent question, and she nodded, seeming confident but he could see the nervousness behind her mask.

He sank to his knees, kissing down her body as he went, her neck, her collarbones, between her decent breasts, stopping to pay more attention to the scar on the lower part of her belly, where she brought their daughter into the world. Max sighed, lacing her fingers in the wet curls on his head, nails raking over his scalp and he groaned against her pubic bone, wiry, red curls brushing his chin.

"Wait, wait," she whispered, cupping his chin. "I haven't shaved... down there."

Billy didn't care, she was too young to have very much hair, so he only looked up into her eyes and gave a strong lick on her outer lips. She gasped, her hand in his hair becoming tight as he licked her again, easing her legs apart more. God, he'd never tasted someone so sweet and clean, and just knowing he's the only person to touch her there made it all the more exciting. Max's never been ate out before, he realized when she loudly gasped as his teeth gently scraped over her clit.

Her hips were moving in little, tight circles, a hand covering her mouth and the other grasping the blonde curls on Billy's head. Her thighs were shaking as he lapped at her, tongue darting out to taste, to savor her flavor. Nothing could've ruined that moment, Max lax as he ate her out steadily, his tongue greedy and his hands gripped around the backs of her thighs, keeping her open for his exploration. Even the curls of hair he could feel on his tongue didn't mean shit to him because he was giving her pleasure, one unlike no other she'd never felt before then.

Max tasted sweet, like honey and sugar, and tangy, like spice on his tongue, something he'd never had before. She tasted like innocence, despite already lost her virginity to him, untapped and clean. Billy

didn't even stop to notice his own excitement, standing proud against this stomach, long and hard. Her breathing was becoming heavy, her belly heaving when she inhaled, like she wasn't getting enough oxygen. She probably wasn't, but the hand in his hair kept getting tighter and tighter, and Billy groaned against her clit, buzzing around it. Max nearly collapsed.

"Billy, please... uh!," she whined when he popped of her mound, looking up between wet lashes at her, her chest heaving like her belly. The shower drops on her body made her look angelic, even in her pre-orgasm state, not fully debauched yet.

"Can we... can we go to the bed?"

Billy grinned and nodded, standing from his place on the floor. She sighed shakily as she leaned all her weight on him, her legs weak and trembling from his oral works, and Billy wondered if she could even handle having sex that night, already so worn out from receiving head, and she didn't even cum. Max was just so little, and he didn't want her to feel like she had to put out for him, because she didn't.

"Oh my..."

"What?"

Max swallowed, the side of her face on his chest as she looked down, her eyes wide and a blush spread high on her cheeks. "I forgot how big you are."

He couldn't help the lazy smile on his face, but he hugged her closer, his arms crossing over her back. Billy could feel how tense she had become when he looked down, but he didn't want her to be scared about his size. After all, she didn't have to have sex with him.

"Max, you don't have to—"

"No, I want to. You haven't touched me in a while."

A year, he reminded himself. He hadn't touched her in a year, and he hadn't had a proper orgasm in a year. That thought alone made his cock ache more, and he couldn't imagine how tight she must've been. Max had only had a dick in her once, granted it was his, but he tried

to block that day out of his mind. It wasn't exactly his favorite memory.

Billy turned off the shower before picking her up, not trusting her legs to carry her across the hall to his room, and wrapped them both in a big towel. Max's hair was still wet as it dripped down her back, little rivets of water leaving trails down her back before being soaked into the towel around her waist, their waists. Even with the water on her skin, she felt warm to Billy, like a little body heater on him, her heels digging into the small of his back, arms around his neck and her head on his shoulder.

They exited the bathroom and entered Billy's bedroom, closing the door softly as not to wake Susan or Jaclyn. He laid Max on the bed, not caring if he got his bed wet, and climbed on before leaning down to kiss her. She moaned, small hands cupping his jaw and bringing him impossibly closer, their bodies slotted together like magic. He could feel her core, still wet and hot from the shower, but it was more, like she truly wanted him to just put it in her. Billy wasn't about to just use her body, no, he wanted to have her body, to let her enjoy sex as much as he did.

She was fully willing to just let him take his fill, but Billy wanted her to feel good, to feel like she was orgasming out of her body. He wanted her to be in cloud nine, floating after she came, too dazed to stop him from licking her open again, coax another orgasm out of her. If he could just get two of her, to make her sated and help her sleep good, that would make him feel better than any orgasm could.

Max gasped as his mouth moved down, past her neck and collarbones, and sucked one perk nipple into his mouth. He drew milk from one of the perfect mounds on her chest, the sweet liquid spread over his tongue as he groaned, and she arched ever so slightly, pushing her breast more into his mouth. God, Billy had never allowed himself to touch her like this, nor had he like he did in the shower; it was a night full of firsts.

She received oral for the first time just moments ago in the bathroom, thighs shaking and her head spinning as he lapped at her, and he felt his chest swell knowing he was the first, maybe the only person, that'll ever get to do that to her, to see her like that. Billy's mouth

couldn't have been on her more than a minute or two, and she was so close to an orgasm from that alone, no fingers or other penetration needed.

Billy couldn't imagine what she'd feel like around his cock while he was completely sober and aware of what he was doing, her body hot and willing, tight and perfect. And the fact that her body had carried their daughter made her more attractive, her gorgeous belly that he misses, and her radiant glow that he craves. God, she was so beautiful in his eyes.

"That's for you daughter," Max chuckled, pushing his head a little, and he let her nipple pop out of his mouth.

He smiled lazily. "She can share."

Billy continued to smile as he kissed down her body, her belly and scar, and he nuzzled at the thatch of hair on her mound. She smelled so damn good, sweet and enticing, like a flower. He could still taste her on his tongue, and boy, did he want more of it. But, she stopped him before he could go lower to her core. She pulled his hair to make him stop, and he looked up at her, concerned. Max shook her head, trying to pull him up.

"What's wrong?," he asked.

"I want you in me, please. Will you put it in me?"

How could've he said no when she looked at him like that, eyes glistening with want and arousal? Her body was ready, had been ready since before she even stepped in the shower earlier, her heart was more than ready, and he couldn't deny her physical love any longer.

Billy slide up her body, his muscled, tan stomach dragging against Max's soft, white belly, round, perky breasts pressed to his hard pecs, like perfection. He lifted himself just a little so he could peer down between them where they were soon to be connected, knowing that it's how his daughter, their daughter, was created. Through an act of pleasure, an act of love that both parents needed. He shifted slightly, and they both gasped when he rocked his hips and they rubbed each

other. The sound from her, high pitches but quiet, drove him crazy, and he surged forward to kiss her.

It felt so good, to even be naked and that close to one another, no boundaries to stop them or hide behind. There would never be another boy or man to see Max like this, to feel her soft skin or hear her erotic sounds of pleasure. No man would kiss her, touch her places Billy himself shouldn't be able to, but he did, he'd felt every inch of her, every crease in her skin and every curve of her body. Only he will ever be able to kiss her and taste her, to savor everything she could possibly give him; her heart, her love, and her body. He could just eat her up.

"No condom," Max said as she pulled away from the kiss, holding his face above hers so she could look in him the eyes. "I want to feel you, just you, nothing else."

Did she want to have another baby? No doubt, she would feel the best without any barrier between them, but Billy didn't know if he could control himself enough to pull out in time. There was no guarantees that she could even handle the stretch of him, which also worried him because he didn't want to hurt her, but he knew she'd push herself to let him in. She was not a pushover, Max wasn't about to just give up if he didn't fit right away. Fuck, he loved her.

"No condom," he repeated, and she smiled.

With some fumbling, a lot of time and patience, and a few tears from Max, Billy was finally fully seated in the tight, wet heat of her. He didn't remember her being so tight, so hot, but then again, he was intoxicated. He's never felt someone that was such a right fit for him, most either too tight or too loose, but Max was just right. That wet vice, soft inside, it was perfect to him, and he leaned down to press a kiss to her forehead, her hit breath fanning out over his throat.

"I'm sorry," he whispered she drew her knees up around his hips.

"It doesn't hurt anymore, Billy. Move, please. Make love to me."

Billy had never been so aroused. Slowly, he moved his hips in a shallow thrust, watching her face for any pain, but was surprised

when her eye went wide and a noise got caught in her throat. Her cheeks went red and her brows knitted together, gasping when he rolled his hips again, one small hand slivering between them to feel where they connected. He groaned lowly when her fingers brushed the base of his cock, the dark hairs there rough on her fingertips. She's always curious.

Billy thrust up again, and again, until he had a set rhythm, driving into her at a comfortable speed. Max's fingers moved from the base of his cock to the top of her cunt, rubbing at her clit as her step-brother pressed impossibly deep inside of her, places she didn't even remember him touching the first time they were intimate while her other hand held the back of his neck. He grunted and groaned into her neck, one of his hands pressed into the bed beside Max's head, and the other on her hip, keeping her still.

All Max could do was gasp when he hit a certain spot inside of her, whine when his thrusts got too hard, or moan when he kissed her to keep her sounds quiet. Sure, Susan had taken a sleeping pill and Jaclyn hadn't so much as cried, but Billy didn't want the older redhead to come knocking because her daughter was making strange noises. He didn't think he would stop even if she did, because Max is too perfect around him, and he never wanted to leave the warm confines of her body.

He looked down to see her hand working on her clit, and saw how the very bottom of her belly would expand every time he reentered her, and fuck, if that wasn't hot. The hand Billy had on her hip moved to her belly, and he felt her skin move under him, it welcomed his length and girth so much better than anyone else had or ever would.

"Feels so good," Max gasped, noticing how he began to thrust up harder, her belly stretching more to accommodate him. "Billy, please, kiss me."

The blonde obeyed, surging forward and almost hit her in the nose with his own as he locked lips with her. She moaned into his mouth, moving the hand from between them and cupping his face with both, not letting up. God, she felt so fucking good, hot around him and so damn tight. He was surprised he could even feel his cock with now

tight she was.

He wrapped his arms around her and sat back, bringing her with him. She yelped as his cock left her body for a split second, only to be impaled on it when she sat in his lap, gasping out at how much bigger he felt with gravity pushing on her.

“So good, baby, you feel so good.”

Max moaned as Billy began to bounce her in his lap, his cock hitting that spot inside of her repeatedly, making her thighs tremble and her breath came out in shaky sighs. Billy’s face was buried in her chest, his groans quieted by her soft flesh as she helped bounce herself on him, impaling herself over and over until she began to feel her walls tighten more around him.

“I think I’m g-gonna...”

Billy panted, latching onto a nipple and sliding a hand between them to rub at her clit, and Max nearly collapsed. Her whole body went tense, high strung and sweat began to bead about her hairline. She bucked one, twice, before gasping so loud Billy was scared she had woken Susan. She trembled, the unmistakable wetness of cum sliding down Billy’s shaft.

“Fuck,” he groaned as he laid her back, letting the aftershocks go through her. He pulled her legs up and slotted his cock between them, and it only took a few strokes for him to cum, groaning as the splatter of semen hit her belly.

All he remembered after that was wiping her off with their discarded towel before cuddling down in his bed, still naked and debauched. She was warm and sleepy, dead weight as he moved her so she was draped over him, her arms hanging uselessly around him as she slept. He kissed her head, taking in her post-orgasm beauty, radiant in the afterglow and aftershocks. He fell asleep like that, his arms around her, palms dangerously close to her ass.

When he woke in the morning, he remembered he didn’t get to make her cum twice, so just minutes before Susan came bursting through the door, he ate her out until she had to scream his name into the

pillow.

It was the best night and morning of his life.

“Billy! Hurry up!”

The blonde shuts off the shower and wraps a towel around himself before heading to his room, only to be stopped by Max in the hallway, Jaclyn in her arms. Her face looks stressed, tight like she’s seen a ghost. Billy doesn’t like that look.

“What’s wrong?”

Max swallows, the baby in her arms gurgling. “Mom wants to talk to us, just me and you.”

Fuck.

Author's Note:

I listened to Fernando by ABBA on repeat, but the Mamma Mia! 2 version. I think the porn came out rushed.

Also, what do you think Susan wants to talk to them about? Do you think Neil told her? (He’s such a turd, I can’t stand him.)

Comments are my fuel! I love hearing from you guys! Let me know how you feel about Billy and Max being together, romantically and sexually!

See you guys at the next update, AKA, the ending!